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CHIP,

Or, A Manager's Trials.

A MUSICAL COMEDY, IN FOUR ACTS.

By E. H. Anderson,

WASHINGTON, 1887.

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34



WASHINGTON. 1887.
ENTERED ACCORDING TO THE ACT OF CONGRESS,
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Scenery.

ACT I.—Elegant parlor or library set; full stage; fire in grate.

ACT II.—The theatre at morning rehearsal; stage in confusion.

ACT III.—Specialties. Any sets will do.

ACT IV.—Stock's rooms; box set, library furniture; three screens.

Properties.

ACT I.—Elegant parlor or library set, carpet down, fire burning in grate, table R., footstool in front of table, on table casket of papers—will, poem, pen and ink, bell in O. P. R. feather duster for Pompey, dishpan and cloth for Chip, letter for Pompey, telegraph blank and envelope for Belmont.

ACT II.—Table covered with papers, etc., R: two chairs, set bank, 2 combat swords for Stock and Belmont, dress sword for Carmen, revolver for Stock, wand, garland and axe for Arabella, cloak for Stock, prompt book for Stock, soap box, red glass and candle for Arabella, purse for Belmont.

ACT III.—Two letters, Stock and Arabella, rope and hoop for Chip.

ACT IV.—Library, different from Act I; elegant furniture; 3 screens, red table cloth, books and ornaments, hand-satchel containing bundle bank-notes, gold' jewel-box for Belmont, letter for Chip, 6 wine glasses, decanter half full of wine' overcoat for Arabella.

Costumes.

ACT I.—Crabb, plain suit, present day; gray, half bald wig. Mrs. Crabb, present day costume, false front. Stock, seedy suit, half bald wig. Belmont, present day costume. Chip, torn frock and apron, hair down. Arabella, cork-screw curls, black old maid dress. Pompey, white jacket, negro wig.

ACT II.—Carmen, street costume, hat and wrap, in burlesque, cavalier suit, dress sword. Belmont, in burlesque, cavalier suit loud color, sword, whiskers and moustache. Stock, in burlesque cloak, slouch hat, sword. Pompey same as Act I. Arabella, street costume, wrap, hat, in burlesque, pink tights, blue ballet skirts and waist, curls. Chip, street dress, wrap, hat, in burlesque rich dress, but short.

ACT III.—Stock, evening dress. Belmont, evening dress. Carmen, evening dress. Chip specialty dress, tights. Arabella, ballet dress, street shoes, waterproof. Crabb, same as Act I.

ACT IV.—Stock same as Act III. Arabella same. Pompey same. Belmont, street costume, changing to Court costume. Carmen, same. Chip, street costume, wrap, hat, changing to evening dress. Crabb same.

Cast of Characters.

CHIP. A WAIF.

CARMENITTA. A PRIMA DONNA. SEEKING HER SISTER.

ARABELLA A GIDDY MAIDEN OF FORTY-FIVE GENTLE SUMMERS
AND A FEW HARD FALLS. WITH A FONDNESS FOR THE BALLET.

MRS. CRABB, A LADY MACBETHIAN PERSONAGE, AND CHIEF
OPPRESSOR OF CHIP.

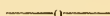
CRABB, AN IMPOSTOR, IMPERSONATING SIR REGINALD BRUCE.

STOCK, A THEATRICAL MANAGER IN HARD LUCK, BUT WHO GETS
THERE JUST THE SAME.

BELMONT, ANXIOUS TO BECOME A TENOR, BUT MORE ANXIOUS
FOR CHIP.

POMP, CHIP'S PRIME-MINISTER, AIDER AND ABETOR IN GENERAL.
SERVANT TO CRABB.

Prologue.



Reginald Bruce, son of Sir Arthur Bruce, an English baronet, having displeased his father by marrying an actress, emigrated with his wife to America, where he lived for many years under an assumed name, and in comparative poverty. During this period his wife died, leaving two children; the eldest of whom, Carmen by name, having inherited her mother's musical talent, was sent to Italy to complete her musical education. While she was still there and her younger sister Elsa was still a mere infant, Sir Arthur died, leaving a message of love and forgiveness for his son, now Sir Reginald, who accompanied by his infant daughter and one Nicodemus Crabb, his business partner, and Crabb's wife, at once started for England to claim his estates. Before starting, however, he made a will, leaving his personal property to Carmen and "The Elms", the family residence, to Elsa, which will he entrusted to Crabb. On the voyage he sickened and was nursed by Crabb and wife. During this illness Mrs. Crabb, learning that the person of Sir Reginald was unknown in England, conceived the idea of poisoning Sir Reginald and having Crabb impersonate him, and thus secure the estate for themselves; which diabolical plan was successfully carried out, and our play opens in the home of Crabb, now Sir Reginald Bruce.

Several years have elapsed, during which time the baby, Elsa, has grown up almost to womanhood. Crabb, on claiming the estates, gave out that he had only one daughter, Carmen, who was dead; and to account for the presence of Elsa, or Chip, as she is now called, says that he found her in the streets, a friendless waif, and adopted her.

CHIP,

Or, A Manager's Trials.

ACT. I.

HOME OF CRABB, NOW SIR REGINALD BRUCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Crabb discovered, Crabb looking over
casket of papers finds will, which he examines.

Mrs. CRABB. I tell you she shall march; I'll not stand
her nonsense another day.

Mr. CRABB Tut, tut, my dear, nothing of the kind;
Chip shall stay, I've done her harm enough already—not
to turn out into the street—why the very roof over our
heads belongs to her.

Mrs. C. So much the more reason for getting rid
of her, you don't know when the hussy will find some
of those papers you have so foolishly kept and turn us all
into the street. beggars---What's that in your hand?

Mr. C. This, my dear, is the will of Chip's father;
when the poor man died in my arms he confided it to me
and I swore to preserve it, and I have.

Mrs. C. Yes, by suppressing it; give it to me.

Mr. C. No, no. It's safe enough, she does not dream
she is the mistress of the "Elms". Why add this un-
necessary guilt to my already overburdened conscience?

Mrs. C. Stuff and nonsense! You were not always
so squeamish about trifles; when Sir Arthur died, leav-

ing the "Elms" and all his fortune to his two children, Elsa and Carmen, you were not in such haste to notify the dear child who was abroad, or the dear little one at home, that they were heiresses, not much, you acted like a man of sense, pocketed the papers, buried Sir Reginald, came to England in his place, claimed and got the estate, and now who are you? why, Sir Reginald Bruce, Baronet, and member of the Royal Academy, and all owing to what? My skill and nerve.

Mr. C. Say rather to my weakness and your villainy.

Mrs. C. Villainy by which you were ready to profit.

Mr. C. Well, at all events, Carmen is in no danger of poverty. with her magnificent voice she has, without doubt, succeeded in captivating some old nobleman; Elsa I have brought up as my own daughter, and will some day inherit my estate. Sometimes I think I will tell her all.

Mrs. C. Do, and add that yours is the hand that killed her father.

Mr. C. What do you mean? You know very well that I nursed him tenderly through his last illness, and that mine was the hand that administered the last draught of medicine that passed his lips.

Mrs. C. Aye, and with reason, for that draught ended the life of Sir Reginald Bruce; without it he would have recovered, seeing this, I, well, I fixed it.

Mr. C. Murderess!

Mrs. C. But yours was the hand that did the deed.

Mr. C. (Buries hands in face.)

Mrs. C. Now will you burn that paper? you poor weak miserable simpleton, without me you would be as weak and purposeless as that idiotic sister of yours who spends her time writing wishy-washy poetry. Bab! The whole house is littered with her rubbish, look at this (reads)

"Pale moon, thy silvery light—"

(Tears poetry) I wish I could twist her neck as easily--

Tears papers and will in half, and throws them in Arabella's face, who enters in time to receive them. Arabella screams.

ARABELLA. Oh! my precious poem, they have destroyed thee — —

Snatches up papers and thrusts them into her bosom and exits.

Mrs. C. A fine specimen truly, some mornings she will disgrace us all by running off with a barber disguised as a foreign Count or go on the stage and make an exhibition of us all. Bah! — —

Mrs. Crabb tears up balance of papers and throws them into fire and exits. Crabb attempts to save papers, finds half of will, which he is endeavoring to conceal when Pompey ushers in Stock.

STOCK Ah, my dear Sir Reginald, I am delighted to see you.

MR. C. Yes, my dear Manager Stock, I was wishing to see you on a little matter of business; the fact is, I expect to be appointed a member of the committee of the Royal Academy on Statuary and have invited the whole committee down to visit me and view my statues, and there ain't any statues about the place; now what I want you to do is to secure me some statues of myself, family and ancestors, don't forget my ancestors, as it won't do for them to come here and find no statuary in my baronial halls.

STO. I am delighted, my dear sir, if, in his humble way, Manager Stock can be of any assistance to Sir Reginald; I shall execute your commission and before the week is ended you can expect your statues. And now, Sir Reginald, I have a favor to beg of you on my own account, my business lately having fallen off considerably, I find myself on the eve of my approaching benefit and the greatest success of my life, for which I have engaged M^{lle} Carmenitta, the peerless Italian Prima Donna, with whose praise all Italy rings, and with whom success is assured; my rascally company taking advantage of the situation demand all the salary that is due them, and I find myself in the alternative of paying them £500, which I do not possess, or leaving myself without a company, and knowing your fondness for fine arts and the drama, I venture to ask you for the temporary loan of this sum

knowing that you would take pleasure in thus obliging me ?

Crabb during this speech has been buttoning up his pockets.

MR. C. Certainly, certainly my dear sir, but £500 is quite another matter; I don't mind purchasing any resonable number of tickets for your benefit, but as for running your theatre, I would advise you to apply to— (Enter Arabella.) to—Arabella there.

Exit Crabb.

ARA. Oh! Mr. Stock, is that you ? I'm so glad to see you. I want to read my last poem, it's too lovely for anything, listen—

“ The pale moon basked in its silvery light,
The flowers incensed the zephyrs of the night.
While I stand here so timid with fright,
Crying where, oh! where is my lover to-night ? ”

STO. Capital, capital, you should publish it.

ARA. That's just what I'm dying to do. Will you, that is, can you undertake the commission ?

STO. Oh! certainly.

ARA. But see 'tis torn in half, my poor poem is torn in half.

STO. (Tragically) Who could have done this deed?

ARA. 'Twas Lady Reginald and you had better take them quick or she may return at any moment.

Stock takes papers and thrusts them into pocket.

STO. You're a great genius; when I gaze on you I feel myself inspired (aside) to go and drown myself.

ARA. Oh! Mr. Stock.

STO. (Burlesquing.) What an ornament you would have been to the stage.

ARA. Mr. Stock, you flatter me, but do you really mean it ?

STO. Certainly; actors, like newspaper men, mean everything they say.

ARA. Oh! how nice, but seriously, I'm going to tell you a secret, I'm going on the stage.

STO. You! A singer perhaps?

ARA. No. I've a great mind not to tell you. Yes, I will, you won't laugh at me, will you. I'm going to (illustrates.) Do you think I could become Queen of the Ballet. (Sings.)

With a ring on my finger and a bell on my toe,
I'll carry music wherever I go.

STO. Doubtless.

Disgusted, but affects rapture. Enter Chip with dish-pan and cloth, sings and burlesques.

CHIP. Oh, she was all the rage, the princess of the stage,
Was Mademoiselle the Parisian belle,
The pet of the pantomine.

Arabella screams and faints in Stock's arms.
who is disgusted, hides disgust and sings in
highly exaggerated manner—

STO. Who'll care for Birdie now, who'll care for Birdie now,
Who'll come and take her, for I'd like to shake her,
Who'll care for Birdie now?

ARA. I'll care for Birdie now, now and forever.

Chip nurses and makes love to dishpan.

STO. Alas! beauteous maiden, it can never be, for the lack of a paltry £500 William H. Shakespeare Stock gazes for the last time into those beautiful orbs of azure hue.

ARA. £500 did you say, love? Why I've got that sum deposited in the bank; you shall have it all, my own, and we'll live ever happy in the realms of love, romance and poetry.

During speech Chip burlesques the action with pan and rag.

STO. £500! Great jumping Jupiter! Come to my arms my angel, (aside) my Jo-Jo.

Tableau, interrupted by Pompey, who yells "rats"
Arabella jumps into chair with screams, Stock chases Pompey off. Arabella resuming, lays head on Stock's shoulder.

ARA. And darling, will you really return my love?

CHIP. Certainly. He's got no earthly use for it.

Exit Chip, pursued by Arabella. Arabella returns to Stock.

ARA. Will you always love me?

Business of striking hand on heart and nodding head.

Sto. Can you doubt it?

Arabella throws herself into his arms.

ARA. And will you allow me to play the Fairy Queen?

Stock looks over shoulder and makes grimace
Knock heard outside, Stock endeavors to disengage himself from her embrace and succeeds just in time to get her off as Pompey enters with letter.

POMPEY. Note for Massa Stock.

Exit Pompey. Stock sits at table and reads.

Sto. Sir: I have been deputed by the company to inform you that owing to your infamous conduct and failure to keep your engagement with us this morning in reference to the matter of salary now due us, I hereby tender the resignation of the whole company, to take effect at once; and as we have accepted an operative engagement with an American manager and sail to-day, you will probably never again see

YOUR LATE STOCK COMPANY.

Great jumping Jupiter! my entire company gone! What support have I for M'lle Carmenitta. Here's a state of things. What shall I do—and my rehearsal to-morrow.

Where can I get people in time for the performance?

Sits at table in deep thought, business of going through pockets, finds poem and is about to throw it into fire, when he perceives will.

Sto. What's this—"Last will of Sir Reginald"—seems to be a will torn in half—Sir Reginald who?—"Leave all my property--" "darling Carmen"--"to my youngest daughter Elsa 'The Elms'", why that's this place! Some mystery here! Sir Reginald, I wonder if its Sir Reginald Bruce! It must be, and Carmen must be the daughter whom he told me died. Elsa! who is Elsa—Chip! (enter Chip)

Chip, come here a moment, I want to ask you something. Did Sir Reginald ever have any children?

CH. Only Miss Carmen, who died.

STO. No other, are you sure?

CH. No other.

STO. And you, Chip. How did you come into this family?

CH. Oh! Sir Reginald found me in a snow-drift, one Christmas eve.

STO. Oh! you were a Christmas gift, were you.

CH. Reckon I was.

STO. Picked up in a snow-drift. How did you come into that snow-drift?

CH. Dunno.

STO. Have you no recollection of any other home than this?

CH. No; I never lived in any other place, only when I was a baby in America, they say, but —

STO. But what?

CH. But it sometimes comes to me, like a dream, that at one time loving arms embraced me—

STO. Your mother?

CH. No, I don't think it was my mother, but some one who loved me very much and who called me —

STO. What ?

CH. Called me—called me—Elsa!

STO. Elsa! Something wrong here.

CH. Why do you look so strange and talk to me like that?

STO. Nothing, child, nothing. I'll see further into this, (places will in pocket-book) but the present emergency is my stock company. Where can I get it, what shall I do?

Bell rings, Chip rushes to the door and returns with Belmont, Stock sits at table in deep thought.

CH. Oh! Charlie, how glad I am to see you.

BELMONT. Yes, dear Chip, but I've come on a sad errand; I've come to say farewell, at least for the present, little girl.

CH. Oh! Charlie, you're surely not going to leave me, without you I shall go mad, everyone here is so cross and hateful to me, they scold and beat me from morning till night; surely my only friend in the world will not desert me.

BEL. Yes, little one I must, it's hard to leave you, but 'twill only be for a short time; I'm going to make my fortune, and I will return soon a wealthy man and claim you little one, and take from this wretched abode of affectation and gilded misery.

CH. Oh! Charlie, how perfectly lovely, but what are you going to do?

BEL. Do! I'm going to carve my way to fortune and to Chip, I'm going to be an actor, a singer.

Stock interested.

SONG. — BELMONT.

A wandering minstrel I—
A thing of shreds and patches;
Of ballads, songs and snatches,
And dreamy lullaby!

My catalogue is long,
Through every passion ranging,
And to your humors changing
I tune my supple song!

CH. How perfectly splendid! But Charlie, why not take me with you, I can sing too, I'm at it all the time when they don't see me, and I know most all of the Mikado, I learnt it out of that book thing that Miss Arabella brought home from the theatre, Pompey hooked it, and we studied every word of it.

BEL. You did, did you, you have a great head Chip, but I'm afraid you can't sing very much.

Enter Pompey with feather-duster, to dust room.

CH. But I just can, are you ready?

POMP. Let her go Gallagher. (Poses with duster.)

SONG. — CHIP.

The sun whose rays
 Are all ablaze
 With ever-living glory,
 Does not deny
 His majesty,
 He scorns to tell a story !
 He don't exclaim,
 " I blush for shame
 So kindly be indulgent " —
 But, fierce and bold,
 In fiery gold,
 He glories all effulgent !
 I mean to rule the earth
 As he the sky,
 We really know our worth,
 The sun and I.

Observe his flame,
 That placid dame,
 The moon's celestial Highness ;
 There's not a trace
 Upon her face
 Of diffidence or shyness :
 She borrows light
 That, through the night,
 Mankind may all acclaim her !
 And, truth to tell,
 She lights up well,
 So I, for one don't blame her !
 Ah, pray make no mistake,
 We are not shy ;
 We're very wideawake,
 The moon and I.

BEL. Why little one, that's splendid, you can sing a little bit.

CH. Well I should say, Pompey are you with me?

DUET.—CHIP and POMP.

CHIP. Two little maids from school are we,
 Pert as schoolgirls well can be,
 Filled to the brim with girlish glee,
 Two little maids from school !

CHIP. Everything is a source of fun (CHUCKLE.)

POMP. Nobody's safe, for we care for none ! [CHUCKLE.]

CHIP. Life is a joke that's just begun ! [CHUCKLE.]

BOTH. Two little maids from school !

ALL. [DANCING.] Three little maids who, all unwary,
 Come from a ladies seminary,
 Freed from its genius tutelary.

ALL [SUDDENLY DEMURE.] Three little maids from school !

CHIP, One little maid is a bride, Yum-Yum —

POMP. Two little maids in attendance come —

BEL. Three little maids is the total sum.

ALL. Three little maids from school !

CHIP. From three little maids take one away —

POMP. Two little maids remain, and they —

BEL. Won't have to wait very long, they say —

ALL. The three little maids from school !

ALL. [DANCING] Three little maids who, all unwary,
Come from a ladies' seminary,
Freed from its genius tutelary —

BOTH. [SUDDENLY DEMURE.] Three little maids from school !

STO. The very thing; I'll take them and with the prima donna, and what actors I can get together, we'll give a beautiful performance. (Joins group and sings.)

DUET. — BELMONT and STOCK.

STO. The actors that skip in the spring,
tra la.

Don't bother the show worth a cent,
For we'll let them all go on their wild goose chase
And engage this whole family to play in their place.
For on acting they all seem bent,
For on acting they all seem bent;

And that's what we mean when we say or we sing,
Oh, bother the actors that skip in the spring.
tra, la, la, la, la, la, etc.
tra, la, la, la la, la, etc.

BEL. The flowers that bloom in the spring,
tra la

Breathe promise of merry sunshine,
As we merrily dance and sing.

tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring,
tra la,

Of a summer of roses and wine ;
And that's what we mean when we say that a thing
Is welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring.
Tra la la la la la, etc.

STOCK. The flowers that bloom in the spring
tra la,

Have nothing to do with the case. [Enter Ara. dance-
I've got to take under my wing, [ing, Stock makes face.
tra la, [She poses.]

A most unattractive old thing,
tra la,

With a caricature of a face;
 And that's what I mean when I say or I sing,
 Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring,
 tra, la, la, la, la, la, etc.

Stock struts up and down, all point to him and sing.

CHORUS.

Behold the Lord High Executioner!
 A personage of noble rank and title—
 A dignified and potent officer,
 Whose functions are particularly vital.
 Defer, defer!
 To the Lord High Executioner!

At the end of which Stock sings

SONG.—STOCK.

As some day it may happen that a victim must be found,
 I've got a little list, — I've got a little list
 Of society offenders who might well be under ground
 And who never would be missed — who never would be missed

There's the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs,
 All people who have flabby hands and irritating laughs,
 All children who are up in dates, and floor you with 'em flat,
 All persons who in shaking hands shake hands with you like THAT,
 And all third persons who on spoiling TETE-A-TETES insist —
 They'd none of 'em be missed — they'd none of 'em be missed!

CHORUS

He's got 'em on the list — he's got 'em on the list;
 And they'll none of 'em be missed — they'll none of 'em be missed.

There's the nigger serenader, and the others of his race,
 And the piano organist, I've got him on the list;
 And the people who eat peppermint and puff it in your face, —
 They never would be missed — they never would be missed!
 Then the idiot who praises, with enthusiastic tone,
 All centuries but this, and every country but his own;
 And the lady from the provinces, who dresses like a guy,
 And who "doesn't think she waltzes," but would rather like to try;
 And that singular anomaly, the lady novelist, —
 I don't think she'd be missed — I'm SURE she'd not be missed!

One local verse with allusion to Arabella. Arabella offended. Business of Arabella and Stock making up.

SONG — STOCK.

On a tree, by a river, a little tom-tit,
 Sang "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
 And I said to him "Dicky bird, why do you sit
 Singing 'Willow, titwillow, titwillow'?"

"Is it weakness of intellect, birdie?" I cried,
 "Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?"
 With a shake of his poor little head, he replied,
 "Oh, willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

He slapped at his chest, as he sat on that bough,
 Singing "Willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
 And a cold perspiration bespangled his brow,
 Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!
 He sobbed and he sighed, and a gurgle he gave.
 Then he threw himself into the billowy wave,
 And an echo arose from the suicide's grave—
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that my name
 Isn't willow, titwillow, titwillow,
 That 'twas blighted affection that made him exclaim,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"
 And if you remain callous and obdurate, I
 Shall perish as he did and you will know why,
 Though I probably shall not exclaim as I die,
 "Oh willow, titwillow, titwillow!"

ARA. Did he really die of love?

STOCK. He really did.

ARA. All on account of a cruel little hen?

STO. Yes.

ARA. Poor little chap!

STO. It's an affecting tale, and quite true, I knew the bird intimately.

ARA. Did you? He must have been very fond of her!

STO. His devotion was something extraordinary.

ARA. Poor little chap! And—and if I refuse you, will you go and do the same?

STO. At once,

ARA. No, no—you mus'nt! Anything but that! Oh, I'm such a silly little goose!

STO. You are.

ARA. And you won't hate me because I'm just a teeney, weeney wee little bit giddy and—and poetical? will you?

STO. Hate you? Oh! Arabella, is there not always beauty in the antique? (When its lit up with a £500 calcium.)

ARA. My idea exactly.

DUET.—STOCK AND ARABELLA.

- STO. There is beauty in extreme old age—
Do you fancy you are elderly enough?
Information I'm requesting
On a subject interesting:
Is a maiden all the better when she's tough?
- ARA. Throughout this wide dominion
It's the general opinion
That she'll last a good deal longer when she's tough.
- STO. Are you old enough to marry, do you think?
Won't you wait till you are eighty in the shal:?
There's a fascination frantic
In a ruin that's romantic;
Do you think you are sufficiently decayed?
- ARA. To the matter that you mention
I have given some attention
And I think I am sufficiently decayed.
- BOTH. If that is so,
Sing derry, down derry!
It's evident, very,
Our tastes are one!
Away we'll go,
And merrily marry,
Not tardily tarry
Till day is done!
- CH. For he'll go and get married, Yum-Yum—
- ALL. Yum-Yum!
- CH. Your anger pray bury,
For all will be merry,
I think you had better succumb—
- ALL. Cumb—cumb!
- ALL. And join our expressions of glee!
- CH. On the subject, I pray you be dumb—
- ALL. Dumb—dumb!
- STO. Your notions, though many,
Are not worth a penny.
The word for your guidance is "Mum"—
- ALL. Mum—mum!
- ALL. With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!
Then let the throng, etc.

STO. Capital; the very idea. Now if you all meet me at the Theatre Royal at ten to-morrow, I'll introduce you to the balance of the company I shall gather together, and we shall put the new piece into rehearsal at once.

Exit Stock. Business of all being merry.

POMP. Oh! golly, a real theatre.

CH. But do you think we'll do?

BEL. Of course we'll do.

ARA. I'm sure I'll catch on.

POMP. You'll catch on to anything.

CH. That'll be perfectly splendid; but how are we to get away? Sir Reginald will never consent.

BEL. Oh! bother Sir Reginald. I havn't been a telegraph operator for nothing. I've a blank here. (Sits and writes.) There, I think that will settle him. Pompey—

POMP. Ah, there!

BEL. Here, take this and chase yourself outside that door, pull the door-bell, let yourself in, give this to his Nibbs and lay low everybody and watch results.

All hide. Enter Crabb.

CRABB. Now where on earth did I leave those specks?

Bell rings, enter Pompey.

POMP. Tellegrum, sah.

C. What's this, a telegram. (reads.)

SIR REGINALD BRUCE:

"The Elms."

You have been appointed member of the Statuary Commission of the Royal Academy, and will please report at the Committee Rooms, London, at once.

J. LAMPKIN JONES, Sec'y.

What an honor; I will invite the whole committee down to "The Elms" for a week, but I've told them the house was full of statuary, if Stock goes back on me with those figures I'm in a fine pickle. Say, Saraphina! I say, Saraphina, I say!

Exit Crabb. All emerge from hiding places.

BEL. I told you he'd swallow it.

POMP. Took his dose like a man.

CH. Splendid.

BEL. And to-morrow we'll all actors be.

FINALE TO ACT I.

BEL. Haste to-morrow, haste to-morrow,
That makes actors of us all,
That makes actors of us all
Thus ending, ending every sorrow ;
We shall now be fixed for life.

ARA. For I'm to be Queen of the May, tra la,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, tra la,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, tra la.
[Falls on high note. Burlesque bus. by Pompey.]
I'm to be Queen of the May.

CH. The vintage over,
Both maid and lover,
Laughed, danced and played
Beneath the shade.
Love is a draught divine,
Rarer than rarest wine;
Then fled the girls with laughter,
As if frightened of the men,
The boys followed after,
And then, and then,
Ah, ah, ah, ah,
Then would they be missing,
Surely the girls went round about
So long it took finding them out.
Ah, ah, ah, ah,
Till something like kissing,
Told as plainly as could be,
Where were he and she.

ALL Ah, ah, ah, ah, etc.

(Curtain.)

ACT II.

MORNING REHEARSAL. STAGE IN CONFUSION.

Stock discovered at table.

STO. Well, at last, here's a way out of my difficulties, not such a way as I would have desired, but yet a way. I'll be able to show that ungrateful company I can get along without them. I can give a performance with Belmont, who, with a little study will make a fair tenor; Chip, an undeveloped gold-mine, which having developed all the world will hail me as the discoverer of genius; my prima donna, the peerless Carmenitta, and Arabella—oh! Arabella, she gives me a pain, still, any port in a storm and every stick in a stock company counts (Bell rings outside.) Buttons! I say, Buttons—and then last, but not least, there is, ladies and gentlemen, your very obedient servant Wm. H. Shakespeare Stock, an actor who—(Bell rings.) Buttons! I say Buttons! drat that boy, where is he?—has in his time played many parts—(Violent bell.) I suppose that boy has skipped with the rest of the company. I'll have to go myself.

Returns with Carmen in street costume.

Ah, my peerless diva, is that you?

CARMEN. Yes, Manager Stock, wishing to have a few moment's conversation with you before reheasal I came early. Learning last evening of the sudden departure of your company—

STO. But Madame, I discharged my compay, because, because—(Merciful Heaven! She's onto the whole racket.) I discharged my company because I had engaged you, and I—

CAR. I came early to reassure you, and to say that under any and all circumstances I will keep my contract.

The mysterious something that impelled me to accept your offer in preference to those of metropolitan man-

agers still urges me to sing in this town, The impulse that drove me across the continent of Europe cannot err 'tis here that I learn something, shall gain some information that shall perhaps lift the cloud that overshadows my life.

STO. Will you sit down my dear Madame? Might I venture to inquire, if, in his humble way William H. Shakespeare Stock can be of any assistance to that bright star—

CAR. Yes, my dear sir, it is no secret, and I will gladly tell you. Years ago, while I was still at the Conservatory, my father died abroad. My dear little sister Elsa—

STO. Elsa! did you say? (Starting up.)

CAR. (Very much excited.) What do you mean, do you know anything?

STO. No, nothing. Go on, my dear madame, what was your father's name?

CAR. Alas! sir, I cannot tell; I have heard that my father was the son of an English nobleman, but the name he assumed in America was the only one I have ever known, on learning of his death I at once hastened home, but my dear little sister had disappeared. Tell me, in mercy, tell me if you know anything.

STO. Alas! no, madam, I know nothing; but believe me I will be your friend and will leave no stone unturned to aid you. But I may say I share your hope that you will soon discover something. (Aside.) I will not raise her hopes until I am sure. (Aloud.) And now, madam, confidence for confidence, my rascally company, influenced by the comedian, by reason of—by reason of—his—his, well I may say his professional jealousy of one whose abilities are far above him, whom it is not necessary to mention, induced the whole company to leave with him from a base feeling of revenge, but with your aid I fear nothing. I have secured a tenor, a very clever soubrette lady and a—a—well, I think we'll call her a utility lady, and we will be able, doubtless, to secure sufficient talent to help out the performance, for with M'lle Carmenitta and Wm. H. Shakespeare Stock at the head of the cast the balance are merely stage furniture.

CAR. You may rely upon me to the utmost. Might I venture to ask in what composition we appear?

STO. Yes, my dear madam, for my approaching benefit we appear in a piece of my own composition, it is called "Lurline, or, the Village Maiden and the Robber Bold."

Bell rings, enter Pompey.

POMP. Am dis heah de teater? Well, ole Massa am done gone away and de whole posse comitatus am a coming down de street.

Enter Chip, Arabella and Belmont.

STO. Allow me to present you Miss Arabella, a lady who WILL act; Mr. Belmont, our tenor, and lastly but by no means leastly, Miss Chip, our soubrette; M^{lle} Carmentitta. And now to business, you, Chip, are Lurline, the heroine; you, M^{lle}, are the faithful lover and the rescuer of feminine loveliness.

ARA. And I play the Fairy Queen.

POMP. Ah, there!

STO. (Kicking him out.) Stay there You, Belmont, are the Lordly Villain, while I am the Robber Chief The drama opens in the baronial halls of Lurline's father; Lurline is discovered singing merrily to herself; enter the Lordly Villain who proffers love and is rejected, who retreats saying, Ah, ha, fair maiden! you have escaped me this time, but you shall be mine. Scene 2.—Rocky Pass; Lordly Villain and Robber Chief in conference; Villain hires robber to abduct damsel. Scene 3.—Dense wood; enter Robber Chief dragging damsel, who is rescued by Lordly Villain, who is in his turn baffled by the Hero. During the combat Lurline runs off and is lost after straying around the woods all day, falls asleep on a mossy bank, where she is found by the Queen of the Fairies. Tableau, end of the first act. Now, ladies and gentlemen, as this is a dress-rehearsal retire to your rooms and array yourselves.

Exit all but Pomp.

POMP. Massa Stock, what do I act?

STO. I hadn't thought of you, suppose you play Buttons.

POMP. Button, button, whose got dat ar' button?

STO. No, no; Button was the name of my call-boy, who ran away, whose place you will fill.

POMP. What! me be a call-boy, no I'se a actor.

STO. Impossible!

POMP. 'Sense me, but maybe you don't know who I is. Well, I'll tell you who I is--

Business of imitations, Pomp. exits, Chip enters,
Stock leads Chip down to centre stage.

STO. This is your ancestral hall.

Stock retires to table,

SONG.—CHIP.

CH Ah! When quick flashing fell on me,
That glance so bright and tender,
My heart would fain surrender.

Ohe, mamma! Ohe, mamma!
And ere with trembling eagerness
His faithful love was proffered,
Had mine untold been offered.

Ohe, mamma! Ohe.

No longer rows the silent bark,
On gentle repples daucing,
Oh! vision soul entrancing.

Ohe, mamma! Ohe, mamma!
Beneath a bank of silver cloud
The radiant moon receded,
While drifts the boat unheeded.

Ohe, mamma! Ohe.

With love divine was heaven o'erspread,
Love overspread the ocean,
To him be life's devotion

Ohe, mamma! Ohe, mamma!
Oh! what eternal ecstasy.
Dream as if heavenward taken,
And now, alas, to waken,

Ohe, mamma! Ohe

Enter Belmont as Lordly Villain.

BEL. Fair maiden, on bended knee I here make proffer of my love, if thou wilt reward my suit with thy lilly hand, within my ancestral halls thou shalt reign a Queen.

CH. Hold! Sir Knight, 'tis useless, though the hairs of thy head were strung with diamonds, I'd not wed with thee.

BEL. Have a care, rash maiden, how thou dost refuse my suit. (Menacingly.) Thou shalt be mine!

Advances to seize her, she shrinks back, stamps foot, waves her hand.

CH. Begone! advance a single step, lay but the weight of thy hand on me and I throw you in the well.

STO. Throw him in the well, indeed!

Rushes forward.

CH. Well, I can show it to you in my part—here.

STO. (Advances, takes part, reads.) Begone! advance but a single step, lay but the weight of thy hand on me and I'll ring the alarm-bell. Throw him into the well, indeed!

CH. Oh!—I'd throw him in the well, that's what I'd a wrote.

POMP. 'Seuse me, young lady, do you want to write dis piece an act it too?

STO. Come! come! ladies and gentlemen, let's get on. Exit Lordly Villain vowing vengeance.

BEL. Ah ha, fair maiden, you have escaped me this time, but ere to-morrow's sun sets thou shalt be mine. I'll to the robber's cave.

Exit Belmont.

STO. (Business of setting scene.) This is a rocky-pass. Robber Chief discovered. I'm the Robber Chief.

Strides up and down the stage and sings.

SONG.—STOCK.

I'm a villain of the deepest dye,
Or rather I would like to be,
But no matter how hard I try
I never get an opportunity.
My life resembles tasteless salt,
Or gingerbread that has no spice,
But really it is not my fault,
I'd do anything to plunge in vice.

I'm such an unfortunate villain,
A Borgia born out of time;
Is there never a plan,
For a poor wicked man,
To accomplish some terrible crime.

I hear footsteps Who comes hither—comes hither?
Who comes hither—that's the cue, come on!

Enter Arabella as fairy, R. U. E. Stock nearly faints.

STO. Great jumping Jupiter! what's that?

ARA. You said come on.

STO. Get your part and come on at the proper time.
That's the Lordly Villain's cue. (Exit Arabella.) I
hear footsteps Who comes hither?

Enter Belmont.

BEL. 'Tis Roderigo, the Black Knight.

STO. (Dramatically.) What wouldst thou with me,
Lord Roderigo?

BEL. (Tragically.) Beneath your castle's turreted
roof dwells a maiden fair to see.

POMP. (Interrupting from L. 1.) Chestnut!

Chased off by Stock. Enter Arabella.

STO. Now then, go on.

ARA. Am I on now?

STO. No, of course you're not on now.

ARA. (Sweetly.) Well, you said go on.

STO. (Mocking.) Well, I say go off.

Exit Arabella.

BEL. This maiden must be mine, ere shades of night
have fallen, if you bring the maiden fair to this haunted
glen (shows purse) this purse of gold shall be thy reward.

STO. (Takes purse.) It shall be done.

Exit melo-dramatically.

BEL. Everything goes well. The Robber Chief will
abduct the maiden fair and drag her screaming to this
spot, on him then with drawn sword will I fall, rescue
the maiden, and then a hero in her eyes, leave schemes
and plotting to others and live with her a life of joy and
rapture.

SONG.—BELMONT.

With joy my heart has often bounded,
 When one plank parted death and me.
 By threatening sky and wave surrounded,
 And yet I love the inconstant sea.

To me no stranger, hardship or danger,
 Battling the gale that sweeps o'er the main,
 But peril over, who like the rover,
 Finds life so sweet after the pain.

Sweet lips have blest me, soft hands caressed me,
 In every clime where fate made me roam,
 And woman's greeting (bliss all too fleeting),
 Made of the far land almost a home.

And gentle maiden, beauty arrayed in,
 More than once told me her love in a sigh;
 Heart wildly beating, mute glance entreating,
 All have been mine, yet coldly put by.

Yet, I am lonely, one woman only,
 Thro' all my being reigns in my heart,
 Tho' now forever, fate may us sever,
 Lovely unkaown, my soul's queen thou art.

Oh! fairest maiden, one moment laid in
 Those empty arms now longing for thee,
 Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now
 From yon dark rock that haugs o'er the sea?

Dost thou remember, 'twas in September,
 There is the rock and there is the wave.
 Oh! come again love, solace my pain, love,
 Tell me not vain is the hope you gave.

Scream heard, enter Stock dragging Chip.

BEL. Hold! base villain, what would thou with you maiden fair?

STO. (Draws.) Back, rash youth, why tempt thy fate?

Indulge in burlesque sword contest, during which Carmen enters, and joins combat, they fight up stage and off U. L. E., during combat Chip runs off screaming R. 2. Enter Pompey, burlesques Barret; business, enter Stock.

STO. (At table.) Angels and ministers of grace defend us! What are you doing here?

POMP. I'm giving 'em Barret.

STO. Well, you just go back to your cage. Don't you know the stage belongs to the affrighted maiden.

POMP. Well, I didn't see no 'frighted maiden an' I tho't now would be a good time to do my turn.

STO. (Produces revolver) You get.

POMP. (Running off.) You bet!

STO. Ready, Mr. Leader?

Enter Fairy, waving garland.

STO. What, you here again!

ARA. Well, ain't I on now?

STO. Well I should say not! Get off the earth!

ARA. Where will I stand?

STO. You don't stand, you fly.

Stock chases Arabella off.

STO. Now then, come on, fair maiden. All right Mr. Leader.

Enter Belmont dragging Chip by back of the neck, to centre stage. Burlesque music.

STO. (Tears hair out and throws at leader.) Great jumping Jupiter! What have I done! How did you get on here? That's a nice way to bring on an affrighted damsel, by the back of the neck.

Rushes Belmont off L. 2, hustles Chip up stage.

STO. Now then, affrightened damsel, go up to R.U.E. and come on alone. Now, Mr. Leader, try again, if you please.

Orchestra plays Rogue's March, Stock rushes down front, furiously angry.

That's the sickliest kind of music to bring on an oppressed maiden I ever heard. I want something sad and pathetic, with soul in it

LEADER. Certainly; you want something sad and expressive.

STO. Precisely, my dear boy, you understand, I don't need to tell you.

LEADER. I don't need anyone to tell me my business.

STO. [Claps hands.] Now then, come on.

Burlesque music again, Chip enters, tries to keep time to music, music makes break, Chip falls.

STO [Tears hair in rage] June, July, August, September, October, no wonder she fell down. [Chip gets up.] No, you don't want any man to tell you your business, you don't; now this thing's got to be done right, if it takes all day. This is what I want [hums air to leader]. Now, affrighted maiden, come in and fall on mossy bank.

CH. Where's the mossy bank?

STO. Here. Now, all ready. Chip enters.

CH. Alas! I am so weary, I can go no further.

Sinks down on bank and falls asleep,

STO. Now, come on Fairy; I say, come on Fairy! Drat that Fairy, where is she!

CH. She was in my dressing room a minute ago.

STO. You're asleep, you can't talk, lay still. Arabella! Arabella! Arabella! I say, [comes down to front and shouts] ARABELLA!

Arabella suddenly appearing by his side.

ARA. Did you call?

STO. Did I call! no, I didn't call, I murmured.

CH. Do I lay here all day?

POMP. Now what's de matter wid you? Do you want to give de whole show. [Bel. drags Pomp. off.]

STO. Now Arabella you go to the back of the stage and come on waving wand.

ARA. I've lost my wand.

STO. Well go on and wave something.

ARA. Wave what?

STO. Wave anything, only come on.

Arabella enters, waving property axe.

STO. How did you get that axe?

ARA. Axidentally. Stock takes axe.

STO. Well I've a mind to use it.

Arabella gets on a box behind Chip and waves wand.

ARA. Awake, beauteous maiden, awake from thy slumber,
Thy perils are over,

POMP. So says this back number.

ARA. Rudolph advance, in all thy manly pride, [Enter Car.
Advance at once, and claim thy promised bride.

Enter hastily Stock and Belmont.

BEL. At last I have thee.

All draw, cross swords, flats draw on transformation scene, all advance to front.

STO. Well, for a first rehearsal, I guess that will have to go, it will probably improve before the performance; now what we want is a ballad, who'll volunteer?

All volunteer, great hubbub

POMP. You all gib me a pain; Massa Stock, let's all sing somethin', and you can say which is best.

MEDLEY — FINALE TO ACT II.

CH. See-saw, see-saw, now we're up and down.
See saw, see-saw, now we're off for London town;
See-saw, see saw, boys and girls come out to play,
See-saw, see-saw, on this our half holiday.

ALL. See-saw, etc.

BEL. The man in the moon is looking, love,
Winking, love, and blinking, love,
And each little star seems to tell us, love,
The man in the moon is looking.

ALL. The man in the moon is looking, etc.

CH. Bye bye, drowsiness o'ertaking, pretty little eyelid's sleep;
Bye-bye, watching till thou'rt waking, darling, be thy slumber deep.

ALD. Bye-bye, etc.

STO. I'm not a free agent, like any of you,
There's them as looks arter fate,
I ask their advise, when I've sum'mat to do,
Their care and attention is great.
Whenever I wishes to steal from the night
A few hours for use in the day,
Before I knows I'm doin' what's right,
I see what the dicky-birds say.
Chirp! chirp, chirp, chirp, in the shrillest tone.

Chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, in a tongue of their own;
 What their warbles and their twitters can convey,
 Taking study and thought for a mind can be bought
 To define what the dicky-birds say,
 Chirp, chirp, chip.

Local verse for encore,

CARMENITTA AND BELMONT.

Hill and valley so dreary, with a light heart we roam,
 And we never are weary while we yodel of home,
 La, la, liche, la, la, la, etc.

ARA. Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
 Come from behind that chair,
 Peek-a-boo! Peek-a-boo!
 I see you hiding there.

ALL. Oh, you rascal,
 Peek-a-boo, etc.

CH. The simple maid from village green,
 Unused to rich attire;
 Is not afraid of silken sheen,
 To conquest she'll aspire
 Her fingers deft are never slow,
 To fashion a success,
 From fairest maid who does not know,
 A woman's forte is dress.

ALL. Ah. ah.

CH. Yes, though fashion often ranges,
 We are equal to its changes.
 Though the waists prevailing high up,
 Or the skirt accepted short,
 After bonnets, cap or head-dress,
 Tuck or lace confined and spread-dress,
 Branching pull-back, puff or tie-up.
 And improving quick as thought.

ALL. Yes, though fashion often ranges, etc.

POMP. I stole all the 'lasses from off the shelf,
 I'm mamma's black baby boy.
 And spilled the lasses clean over myself;
 I'm mamma's black baby boy.
 She sends me to school most every day,
 But I takes my books and runs away,
 And when I come home my mamma does say,
 He's mamma's black baby boy.
 Mamma's baby boy, mamma's baby boy,
 Oh, they say I'm so sweet I'm always so neat.
 I'm mamma's baby boy.

ALL. Mamma's baby boy, etc.

POMP. She gave me ten cents to buy me some gum,
 I'm mamma's black baby boy,
 But I took it instead and bought me some rum.
 I'm mamma's black baby boy.
 I staggered and fell all over the place,

The mud got spattered all over my face.
And the neighbors all said I was a disgrace,
But I'm mamma's black baby boy.

CH. Should we gain your favor every heart is gay,
Tra la, la, la, la, etc.
And all rejoicing, we shall go our way,
Tra la, la, la, la.

BEL. Let grace, not ire, in your heart abide;
Let your smile our efforts guide,
In counsel mild your decision guide,
For the taste of success is sweet.

CH. Tra la, la. la, la, la, la, etc.

ALL. Deign pray to cheer each heart
Kindly, ere you depart,
A weight of care dismaying, allaying, allaying,
Say with our efforts we gain here a victory,
Yes, and "Chip" triumphantly,
May long continue to reign.

(Curtain)

ACT III.

THE PERFORMANCE.

Sto. Ladies and gentlemen, once again I have the distinguished honor of appearing before you in the role of beneficiary. For many seasons past, each of my successive benefits has eclipsed its predecessor in the beauty, style and magnitude of its audience, and this is no exception to the rule, for when I gaze around me upon the galaxy of beauty, youth and intelligence all gathered together to do homage at the shrine of Melpomene, represented in the person of your humble servant, my heart swells with joy and I realise what a glorious thing it is to be a Manager.

For this evening's entertainment I have provided a bill-of-fare which has only to be seen to be appreciated, consisting as it does of the choicest selections, rendered by stars of the first magnitude, both solitaire and in constellation, the brightness of which I challenge the world to equal. First, I shall have the honor of presenting to you Mr. Chas. Belmont, the celebrated tenor, in the beautiful selection, entitled—

Next, I shall introduce M'lle Carmenitta, the famous Italian Prima Donna, in her magnificent *morceau*—

Next, I shall have the pleasure of personally introducing to your favorable notice— (Specialty.)

I shall then introduce our beautiful and charming soubrette, M'lle Chip, in her— (Specialty.)

followed by M'lle Arabella, the Parisian grotesque, in the pathetic ballad, entitled, "I'm so Shy." The whole matchless olio terminating with the beautiful spectacular burlesque, entitled, "Lurline, or, The Village Maiden and the Robber Bold," by the distinguished author—actor, Wm. H. Shakespeare Stock. Exit

CHANGE SCENE. Specialty, Belmont.

“ “ Specialty, Carmenitta.

“ “ Specialty, Stock.

“ “ Specialty, Chip.

Enter Stock.

STO. Ladies and gentlemen, it is with feelings of deepest regret that I appear before you this time; I hold in my hand a letter which explains itself:

MANAGER STOCK:

Dear Sir. —I regret to inform you, that owing to severe illness, M^{lle} Arabella will be prevented from appearing this evening, as she is threatened with a severe attack of the measles, and is at the present moment unable to sit up and have her bed made.

Respectfully,

JOHN JONES, M. D.

ARA. (Rising in audience.) Oh! you deceitful viper! You ungrateful scoundrel! I'm unable to sit up and have my bed made, am I? I'm threatened with the measles, am I? Well, I just look like it, don't I? Oh! you needn't try to hush me up, I'm going to have my say, and tell these good people all about it—

Ladies and gentlemen, that miserable wretch, whom I loved so fondly and gave £500 to, wrote me this letter this afternoon:

“MY DARLING LOVY-DOVY.

I am sorry to inform you that my benefit, which was to have been this evening, is unavoidably postponed until to-morrow evening, at the same time.

“Your darling popsy-wopsy.

“WM. H. SHAKESPEARE STOCK.”

You thought you could choke me off with that, did you? but I won't have it. [Starts for stage.] I'll sing my ballad, or I'll die. [Climbs on stage.]

STO. But my darling Arabella—

ARA. I'm not your darling Arabella; go away, you bother me, its my turn to sing, and I WILL sing!

STO. But, I say, you can't sing in that costume, you know. If you were dressed for the stage they might possibly live through it, but in that snow-shed, oh, no!

ARA. Oh, yes. they will; I was all ready for you. I dressed and put my ulster on over my dress, see—

Sheds cloak and appears in ballet dress, pink tights and street shoes.

STO. But, my dear, your brother; you know very well if he comes— (Arabella frightened) you know there will be bloodshed and we'll both be in it.

ARA. Now you just go away, I am going to sing.

STO. (Throwing up both hands.) Then I'll escape while I have strength. Exit.

ARA. (Takes off bonnet and swings it by the strings.) Sings, "I'm so shy—go away sir—(Orchestra makes discord) go away, sir, (discord), now that ain't right; you just play it right for me, so I can sing, you think 'cause I'm such a timid little thing you can have fun with me, but you just can't, you nasty man—I'm so shy, go away. sir—I'm so shy, (sings part of verse, orchestra keeps on getting worse, Arabella keeps her eye on trombone) now you just stop, I ain't going to have that any more, and I'm going to sing this piece or die right here. You're a lot of jays anyhow, you don't know a lady when you see one. (Goes over to bass viol.) You're the only one in the whole lot that has good sense, (explains by humming air to him.) Mr. Leader, now you all play it right along after him. (Stands in front of bass and beats time.) Go away, sir, I'm so shy, I'm so shy. (Noise heard at street door) I'm so shy, (stands on tip-toe and looks toward door,) Go away, sir, I'm so shy—

CRABB. (Enters, struggling with policeman.) I tell you I know she's here, and I will come in.

ARA. I'm so shy—

CRA. Oh! there you are, are you? (Advances to stage, shaking fist.) Come right down this very minute. (Arabella gathers up dress and flies, Crabb climbs on stage, Pompey enters, sees Crabb, both pause and stare, Pompey skips off.)

CRA. (On stage.) I'll find you.

Exit R. 1, Arabella enters R. 2, runs across to L. 3, Crabb follows, flat L. 2 is shoved into him, throwing him down, he gets up and runs off L 2, Arabella opens flat and squeezes through, stand irresolute, hears noise, gathers up dress and runs off R. 2, flats drawn, Stock enters L 1, followed closely by Crabb.

STO. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg your kind indulgence--

CRA. (Seizing Stock's arm.) Now, then, sir, perhaps you'll be good enough to explain what you mean by allowing my sister to make such an exhibition of herself in public

STO. [Aside.] Now, I'm in for it. [Aloud.] What do you mean by your sister, and if it comes to that, what do you mean by coming here and interrupting my performance, on my benefit night, too?

CRA I'll benefit you! What have you done with Arabella?

STO. Now, what on earth do you mean by "what have I done with Arabella?" Oh! I see, you have mistaken the lady who just sang and whom you frightened off the stage for Miss Arabella, your sister.

CRA. Mistaken the devil! don't you suppose I know my own sister when I see her? Could anyone ever forget that shape?

STO. No, they never could; but I assure you, my dear sir, you are mistaken, and if you will take the trouble to step down stairs into the green-room I will introduce you to the lady you mistook for your sister, and thus convince you, will you come?

CRA. No, thanks; if I am mistaken, I don't care to make an ass of myself any more.

STO. No, my dear fellow, I don't think it would be advisable, especially as nature has been so lavish in that direction already.

CRA. Eh, what?

STO. Well, at all events, wait until after the performance, and then, if you will kindly walk over to my humble abode, I shall take pleasure in showing you some of the statues I have had made for you, and which arrived only this afternoon.

CRA. Certainly.

Stock takes Crabb's arm and they start towards
L. 2, when Carmen enters from that entrance.

CAR. Mr. Stock, what is the meaning of—[Sees Crabb.] That face!

Enter Chip and Belmont.

CRA. Chip's sister! [Crabb terrified, Stock hustles him off.

CH. My sister?

CAR. I felt it, I knew it! My sister!

Sisters embrace. Tableau.

Curtain.

ACT IV.

STOCK'S ROOMS,

Enter Arabella, hastily, she is still in ballet dress.

ARA. Oh! how frightened I am, and what a time I've had, it's a very lucky thing for me my brother didn't recognize me, or we should have had an awful time, but Mr. Stock is so clever, he just talked him right out of it and brother thinks it wasn't me at all, but I was that frightened I just slipped out and started for home as fast as I could go, when a policeman saw me and halloed hello Santa Claus! nasty thing, scared me so I dropped my waterproof and ran right in here. Well, I'm all right here, it's Mr. Stock's house, and he and I will soon be one, won't that be perfectly gorgeous. I do think he is just too lovely for anything, I was a little mad at him about that note, but it was all a mistake, some horrid person wrote both of those notes to play a trick on us, how mean! I'm cold, I wish I had my waterproof I'll see if I can't find something to put around me until Mr. Stock comes, and then he will take me home. I wonder if I could find anything in there, I'll see Exit R. 2.

Enter Pompey.

POMP. Golly! ain't we done had a pic-nic—well, I guess not. Fought Massa had dis nigger, suah! yah ha! and Miss Bella, you just oughter seen dat ole gal hussle, ah, ha! Well, Massa Stock sent me in heah to wait for de rest ob de gang—Wonder if der's anyfing ter eat 'roun heah. I'll hab a scoot 'roun and see. Exit L. 2.

Enter Arabella, carrying overcoat.

ARA. There, I'll just slip this on till lovy-dovy comes.

Tries to put on coat, can't for ballet dress, tries in vain, starts to unfasten skirt and hangs coat over screen, hears noise.

Someone is coming, I'll step behind here and take off these skirts and put on the coat.

Goes behind the screen, enter Pompey.

POMP. No, dere ain't nofin in dere.

Arabella throws out skirt. Pompey places hands on knees and looks at it.

Well! I hope I may never, if dere ain't Miss Bella's dress, and de ole gal's behind dat screen.

Tip-toes over to screen and reaches out to gently get dress, in doing so knocks coat down on to the floor, carries dress down front, Arabella rises and looks over screen helplessly at Pompey, who does not see her.

Well, I'll be blamed! Now what de debil do dat ole gal mean by frowin' her clothes 'way like dat, am she gwine to take a baf?

Tries on dress, hears noise, runs out carrying dress with him, Arabella looks around side of screen after him, enter Stock

STO. Great jumping Jupiter! but that was a close shave, but I got that beggar to think he was mistaken at last, and he doesn't suspect that Carmen knows 'Chip to be her sister and that we have found him out, I think it is going to be exceedingly warm for the baronet shortly, for the old fool is coming over here presently to see if the statues I have had made for him, are satisfactory; well. I suspect he'll find them very much so. But it is almost time the girls were here. (Bell.) That may be them now—Hello! what's this? My overcoat on the floor.

Exit, carrying coat, Arabella looks over screen at him; sees table with red table cloth on across room, carries screen over to table, pulls off cloth into screen, ornaments fall from table, noise, Arabella retreats with screen to former position, enter Stock and Carmen.

CAR. Now Mr. Stock, will you kindly explain the meaning of all these extraordinary proceedings, and tell me why you prevented my confronting the villain I have searched the civilized world for?

STO. Willingly; be seated. (They sit.) I have long suspected that Sir Reginald was an imposter, and as soon as you told me your sad story I felt sure that Chip was

your sister, but I was unwilling to excite you until I was sure. Now, tell me all you know of Crabb, and how he has avoided you all these years?

CAR. On the death of my father, he wrote me advising me to study for the stage, saying my father had died penniless, and that he would provide for Elsa, I hastened home, but found he had gone, taking Elsa with him, and I lost all trace of them untill now. But if Crabb is an imposter, who was the real Sir Reginald?

STO. Your father was.

CAR. My father!

STO. Yes. By the merest accident in the world, I came into the possession of the torn half of a will, which, if we discover the missing half, will clearly establish the claim of yourself and Chip to the estates of Sir Reginald.

Enter Chip hastily.

CH. Oh, Mr. Stock! Oh, my sister! Oh, my!

BOTH. What is the matter? What has happened?

CH. (Excitedly) I have just come from home; the whole house is top-side down. Lady Reginald has fled, took the night express for Paris; she left this note for Sir Reginald, see; Charlie has gone to the station to see if he can get any news of her.

STO. All's fair in love and war. Let's open the enemy's dispatches. (Opens note.)

"You old fool, (that's Crabb) I knew that sooner or later you would make a mess of it and discover everything, and as soon as I found that Carmen was in town and that you and Chip and that idiotic Arabella were at the theatre, I knew you would give away everything, so I take advantage of the only opportunity left me and fly. If you have any sense, which I doubt, you will follow my example, and also seek refuge in a foreign land, but not with me, for I have had enough of your stupidity."
"SERAPHINA."

So the principal culprit escapes us; now to bring home the charge to her tool—that old fool Crabb.

Enter Belmont.

ALL. Well?

STO. What news?

BEL. Great news! The night express went over an embankment a few miles from town and numbers on board are supposed to have been lost, among them Lady Reginald; an engine has just arrived from the scene of the disaster, bringing some of the survivors, among them Lady Reginald's maid, who had in her possession this box. She says Lady Reginald was in the sleeper which, is now in flames, and she is therefore, in all probability, burning by this time.

STO. Has she commenced to burn so soon? A good riddance, for she was the principal culprit—but what have we here? (Opens box.) Money! and a small box,

Gives box to Carmen.

CAR. (Opening box.) My mother's jewels!

STO. And now for Mr. Crabb. He's coming here to inspect the statues; now I intend to have you impersonate these statues. Now retire and dress. I have instructed Belmont, who will show you what to wear and how to act. (Chip, Carmen and Belmont exit.) And now for the grand finale to Sir Reginald's career.

Pulls aside curtain of alcove, disclosing Arabella asleep.

Do my eyes deceive me? (Shaking her.) Now what wind blew you in here?

ARA. I came in here to wait for you and you went away with the coat, so I got the table-cloth.

STO. Well, I should say you did. Now the question is what to do with you. Here, run in here, no, Belmont is in there; in here, no—(Bell rings.) That's Sir Reginald, now what am I to do with you? (Rushes frantically about.)

CRA. (Outside.) All right, I'll find the way.

Arabella sinks on sofa, Stock throws shawl over her, enter Crabb.

Well, here I am.

STO. Yes; how are you? (Confusedly.)

Arabella moves, Stock kicks her.

CRA. Well, where are the statues? I am all impatience to see them. (Approaches sofa and tries to lift cloth, Stock prevents him.) Is that one of them?

STO. (Takes Crabb's arm and leads him around.) No; that's a small study from the antique, very beautiful, but a little out of date; I'm going to have it fixed up, for in its present condition I am positively ashamed of it.

ARA. (Uncovering head.) Oh, you horrid thing!

Covers head quickly.

CRA. What was that? Who spoke?

STO. Nothing—nobody—that is, it was a parrot I bought at auction. If you will step into the next room and take a glass of wine, while I arrange the figures, I'll show you the statues.

Leads Crabb down to R. 1, Crabb exits.

STO. (Uncovering Arabella.) Now then, quick, before he gets back, run into the next room and tell Matilda to get you some of her clothes, quick.

ARA. Where is Matilda?

STO. Here, come with me, I'll show you.

Stock and Arabella exit L. 1. Chip enters.

CH. I'm dying to know what's going on.

Sits on sofa, Crabb enters.

CRA. A small model from the antique, eh! Wouldn't let me look at it, now I shouldn't wonder if it was a small model from the extremely modern (winks) of the "Little French Milliner" style of art.

Chip covers herself with shawl, all except foot.

CRA. Oh, the rascal! model from the antique; well, I rather like the antique.

Is about to raise shawl when he hears someone coming and retreats into R. 1; Pompey enters.

CH. Pompey, come here.

POMP. What you want?

CH. Never mind what I want, get under this quick.

Puts Pompey under shawl and hurriedly exits.

POMP. Now what am de matter wid Chip?

Covers head, Stock enters.

STO. Well, I hope I've got rid of that angel, she'll positively be the death of me yet. (Goes to R. 1.) Sir Reginald. [Crabb enters.

CRA. Oh, you rascal! is that the sort of statues you brought me to see, eh?

Punches Stock in ribs.

STO. What do you mean?

CRA. Well you have a good taste. It certainly has a lovely foot.

STO. I wonder what the devil he is talking about.

CRA. Oh, you're sly dog! you are. (Points over shoulder.) That statue. [Digs Stock in ribs.]

STO. I tell you there's no statue there, I carried it out and sunk it.

CRA. Oh, no, that won't do.

STO. (Looks at sofa, sees figure, nearly faints) What! you back?

CRA. Shall I uncover it?

STO. Do what you like. If you can survive the shock I can.

CRA. (uncovering Pompey.) The devil! (Pompey lies motionless.)

STO. (Roars with laughter.) I say, Crabb, she has a very pretty foot. (Digs him in the ribs,) (aside.) I'll fix Master Pompey for this trick. (To Pompey.) Don't you move, or I'll kill you. (To Crabb.) Well, I'll confess I did play a bit of a trick on you; this is one of the statues, the artist tried him first to get his hand in. (Sets Pompey on pedestal.) Now stand still and don't breathe.

CRA. (Inspects statue with eyeglass.) Now what did you think I wanted with a thing like that? (Poses like Pompey, Pompey sneezes, Crabb turns, Pompey assumes another attitude, Crabb astonished.) Did that thing move?

STO. Certainly not.

Crabb turns several times suddenly to catch statue, does not succeed.

CRA. Was that the foot I saw?

Bends over to see foot, Pompey hits him, Crabb makes pantomime of astonishment, Stock reassures him.

CRA. [Leaving Pompey.] But how about my ancestors, where are they?

STO. [Removing screen, revealing Belmont as an old English gentleman.] This is you father, Sir Arthur Bruce.

CRA. How life-like. It is an excellent likeness.

Inspects statue.

STO. [Removing another screen and revealing Carmenitta.] This is your eldest daughter, Carmen.

CRA. [Starts at first, but regains assurance.] Yes, yes, poor child, she died many years ago; how proud I should have been of her.

STO. Liar! She still lives; a wanderer in foreign lands, made so by your villainy, and none know it better than you, Nicodemus Crabb!

CRA. What do you know! [Excitedly.

STO. All. I know that on the death of Sir Arthur, you, learning that Sir Reginald had not been in England for thirty years, and was not likely to be remembered, personated him and got the estates, leaving the daughter penniless.

CRA. But she was not the heir, that I can prove. (Produces half of will.) See, this is Sir Arthur's will; he leaves the family jewels and a sum of money to Carmen, but "The Elms" to—

STO. To whom?

CRA. That you will never know; as that part of the will has been destroyed, the estate will pass to the next of kin.

STO. Oh! will it? Perhaps I can find the heir. (Enter Arabella.) Arabella, just draw aside that curtain and show our friend Crabb the remaining statue.

Arabella draws curtain, revealing Chip.

CRA. Chip!

CH. (Stepping forward and holding up half of will)
No, not CHIP but ELSA.

STO. And mistress of "The Elms."

Carmen and Belmont turn slowly and point fingers at Crabb, who stands dazed for a moment, then rushes from the room, Belmont and Stock attempt to stop him. Statues come forward.

CH. No, let him go; he was not the most guilty party, and at the present moment I could not wish any one harm, I have so much to rejoice at, a sister, [embraces Carmen,] a name, and a faithful lover [embraces Belmont,]

STO. It seems to me that I am the only sufferer from this transaction, for I have lost my company and my prima donna.

CAR. No, my good, true friend, I will gladly complete my engagement with you

CH. And I will get you one of the biggest and best-est companies you ever dreamed of.

STO. You overwhelm me, then I too, have everything a manager could desire.

ARA. Everything?

STO. Oh! I believe I did forget you, come to my arms.
Embraces her.

CH. Yes, and on your wedding-day dear old aunt Arabella shall have five thousand pounds.

STO. Let me embrace you again.

ARA. And I will play the Fairy Queen at your next benefit?

STO. Well, I think I'll draw the line at the Fairy Queen.

CH. AND CAR. But you'll let us both sing, won't you?

STO. Certainly, you shall all sing; you shall render a selection from *Il Trovatore*.

CH. No; I should prefer a Spanish song, something soft and sweet like—

SONG.—CHIP AND CARMEN.

May the saints preserve and watch o'er thee,

Thro' all thy slumb'ring hours;

May the life that lies before thee,

Be a pathway strewn with flowers

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la. Tra la, etc.

Thro all thy slumb'ring hours.

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la. Tra la, etc.,

Be a pathway strewn with flowers.

POMP.

He's mamma's own sweet little pet,

He can smoke a real strong cigarette,

He's a sugar and candy, sweet matinee dandy,

He melt if he ever got wet;

You'll get on if you meet him by chance,

That his coat is quite short, at a glance,

He is lighter than paper, it's the real proper caper,

To show all he can of his pants

ALL

Oh! the dude, the butterfly dude,

The sweet little dolly, he talks like a polly,

The dude, the dude, the butterfly dude,

Oh, say, did you ever "get on to" the dude?

STO.

It happened once a learned man a missive did indict,

'Twas very strange, but people could not read what he did write;

The wisest heads to read it tried,

With all their might and main

ALL

The wisest heads, etc

STO

At last it was discovered, to each one's great surprise,

The wise man had forgotten

To plainly dot his i's.

ALL

At last was discovered, etc

BEL

Some think the world was made for fun and frolic,

And so think I.

ALL.

And so say I

BEL.

Some think it should always should be melanchollic,

For groan and sigh.

ALL

For groan and sigh.

BEL

But I, I love to sing in merry sunshine

A happy song.

ALL

A happy song.

BEL.

I love to join the merry groups in dancing!

'Tis far from wrong.

ALL.

'Tis far from wrong.

BEL.

Listen, listen, echoes from far around.

Listen, listen, echoes from far around.

Funiculi Funicula, Funiculi Funicula.

Echoes far around Funiculi Funicula.

ALL.

Listen, listen, echoes far around, etc.

CAR.

Love comes like a summer sigh,
Softly o'er you stealing:
Love comes, and you wonder why.
At its shrine you're kneeling.
Love comes, and the days go by,
While your fate love's sealing.
Love some day must come to all.
Come to all, come to all.

CH.

Good friends, for your amusement,
We've played our little play;
We've done our best to please you.
Yes, in our humble way,
And kindly, friends to cheer us,
Bestow your kind applause,
We hardly dare deserve it,
Your plaudits give because.

REFRAIN

We drink good friends to you.
And cheer us, kindly do,
You've added to our wealth:
And now for your return
We gladly drink your health.

ALL.

We drink good friends to you.
Clink we wine-glass, the wine-glass the wine-glass.
Clink we the wine-glass and bid our friends good-night.

(Final Curtain)

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